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A

Compleat KEY

TO THE

DISPENSARY

Written by Sir SAMUEL GARTH, M.D.

The FOURTH EDITION.

To which are added,

Near an Hundred Lines omitted in the late Editions of that POEM.

ALSO

CLAREMONT, and ſeveral other POEMS of the ſame AUTHOR, never before collected together.

AND

A ſhort Account of the LIFE of the AUTHOR.

LONDON:

Printed for THOMAS ASTLEY, at the ROSE in *Pater-Noſter-Row.* 1746.

[Price Six-pence.]

28765

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A ſhort ACCOUNT of the

LIFE

OF

Sir SAMUEL GARTH, M.D.

SIR *SAMUEL GARTH*, an excellent *Engliſh* Poet and Phyſician, was deſcended of a good Family in *Yorkſhire*. After he had paſſed through his School Education, he was removed to *Peter-Houſe* in *Cambridge*, where he was created Doctor of Phyſick, *July* the 7th, 1691. His firſt Examination before the College of Phy-

ſicians was on the 12th of *March*, 1691-2; and he was admitted Fellow, *June* the 26th, 1693. On the 17th of *September* 1697, he made a *Latin* Oration before the College, *to the great Satisfaction of the Auditors, and his own Honour*, as it is expreſſed in the Regiſter of that College. In 1696 he zealouſly promoted and encouraged the erecting the Diſpenſary, being an Apartment in the College, for the Relief of the ſick Poor, by giving them Advice *gratis*, and diſpenſing Medicines to them at low Rates. This Work of Charity having expoſed him and many other Phyſicians to the Envy and Reſentment of ſeveral Perſons of the ſame Faculty as well as Apothecaries, he ridiculed them with a peculiar Spirit and Vivacity in a Poem called the *Diſpenſary* * in ſix Canto's; which, though it firſt ſtole into the World incorrect in the Year 1699, yet bore in a few Months three Impreſſions, and

* Major *Richardſon Pack*, in his Miſcellanies, p. 102, 2d Edit. in 8vo, obſerves, that this Poem *hath loſt and gained in every Edition. Almoſt every Thing that Sir* Samuel *left out was a Robbery from the Publick; every Thing he added hath been an Embelliſhment to his Poem.* Theſe Omiſſions are ſupplied at the End of this Key.

and was afterwards printed ſeveral Times with a Dedication to *Anthony Henley*, Eſq; and commendatory Verſes by Mr. *Charles Boyle*, afterwards Earl of *Orrery*, Colonel *Chriſtopher Codrington*, *Thomas Cheek*, Eſq; and Colonel *Henry Blount*. This Poem raiſed our Author a prodigious Reputation; which together with his great Learning and Skill in his Profeſſion, his Politeneſs, agreeable Converſation, and good Humour, procured him a vaſt Practice, and gained him the Friendſhip and Eſteem of moſt of the Nobility and Gentry of both Sexes. He was one of the moſt eminent Members of a famous Society, called the *Kit-Cat-Club*, which conſiſted of above thirty Noblemen and Gentlemen, diſtinguiſhed by their excellent Parts, and Affection to the Proteſtant Succeſſion in the Houſe of *Hanover*. *October* the 3d, 1702, he was elected one of the Cenſors of the College of Phyſicians. He was in particular Favour and Eſteem with the Duke of *Marlborough*, whoſe Diſgrace and voluntary Exile abroad he lamented in a fine Copy of Verſes. In 1711 he wrote a Dedication for an intended Edition of *Lucretius* to his late Majeſty, then

Elector of *Brunſwick*, upon whoſe Acceſſion to the Throne he had the Honour of Knighthood conferred upon him by his Majeſty with the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Sword. He was likewiſe made Phyſician in Ordinary to his Majeſty, and Phyſician General to the Army. As his own Merit procured him a great Intereſt with thoſe in Power, ſo his Humanity and good Nature inclined him to make uſe of that Intereſt, rather for the Support and Encouragement of other Men of Letters, than for the Advancement of his own Fortune. He wrote ſome other Pieces beſides thoſe above-mentioned. He died *January* the 18th, 1718-19, and was interred on the 22d of the ſame Month in the Church of *Harrow on the Hill*, in a Vault there built by him for the Interment of his Family. Mr. *Pope*, in one of his Letters, ſtiles him *the beſt natured of Men*; and tells us, that " his Death was very " heroical, and yet unaffected enough to " have made a Saint, or a Philoſopher fa- " mous. But ill Tongues and worſe Hearts " have branded even his laſt Moments, as " wrongfully as they did his Life, with " Irreligion. You muſt have heard many " Tales

" Tales on this Subject; but if ever there " was a good Christian without knowing " himself to be so, it was Dr. *Garth.*" Mr. *Granville*, afterwards Lord *Lansdowne*, wrote a fine Copy of Verses to our Author in his Illness. He had an only Daughter, who was married to Colonel *Boyle*, Brother to *Henry Boyle*, Esq; Speaker of the House of Commons in *Ireland*, and one of his Majesty's Lords Justices, and Commissioners of his Majesty's Revenues in *Ireland*.

VERSES *sent to Dr.* GARTH *in his Illness, by Mr.* GRANVILLE, *afterwards Lord* LANSDOWN.

MACHAON sick! in every Face we find
His Danger is the Danger of Mankind;
Whose Art protecting, Nature could expire,
But by a Deluge, or the general Fire.

More Lives he saves than perish in our Wars;
And, faster than a Plague destroys, repairs.
The bold Carouser, and th' advent'rous Dame,
Nor fear the Fever, nor refuse the Flame;
Safe in his Skill, from all Restraint set free,
But conscious Shame, Remorse, or Piety.

Sire

Sire of all Arts, defend thy darling Son,
Reſtore the Man, whoſe Life's ſo much our own;
On whom, like *Atlas*, the whole World's reclin'd;
And by preſerving *Garth*, preſerve Mankind.

A

Compleat KEY

TO THE

DISPENSARY.

In the first COPY of VERSES

To Dr. *GARTH* upon the *Dispensary*.

Line 2.
IKE * M——gue's *could a just Piece sustain.*

* Charles Mountague, *Lord* Hallifax.

Line 15. *When* † S———rs *charming Eloquence.*

† The Ld. *Somers*, formerly Ld. Chancellor.

Line 20. *What* * D——s *can't condemn, nor* † D——n *mend.*

* *Dennis*, a sowre, supercilious and ill-natur'd Critic and Poetaster.

‡ *Dryden*, a famous Poet.

In

In the Second COPY of VERSES, written by the late Colonel CODRINGTON, Governor of the *Leeward Iſlands*.

Line 13. *HE Nymph has* [1] G——n's [2] C——l's, [3] C——l's *Charms*.

[1] The Ducheſs of *Grafton*.

[2] *Cecil*'s, the late Counteſs of *Saliſbury*.

[3] The Lady —— *Churchill*, one of the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Daughters.

Line 22. Lucretius, Horace, [1] S——d, [2] M——ue,

[1] *John Sheffield*, Earl of *Mulgrave*, Marquis of *Normanby*, and Duke of *Buckingham*. The Works of this noble Peer were publiſhed in the Year 1723, under the Inſpection of Mr. *Pope*. Since re-printed in two Volumes Octavo.

[2] *Montague*, Lord *Halliſax*.

Line 27. *Facetious* [1] M—— *and the City* [2] *B*——.

[1] *Mirmil*, Dr. *Gibbons*.

[2] The *City Bard*, Sir *Richard Blackmore*.

Line 36. *H——s*, Dr. *Hans*.

Line 37. *R——e*, Dr. *Ratcliffe*.

Line 39. *M——l's*, i. e. *Mirmil*'s, Dr. *Gibbons*.

Line 42. *W——h*, the late *William Walſh*, Eſq;

Line 43. To [1] *S——s* and [2] *D——t* too ſubmit.

[1] The Lord *Somers*.

[2] The late Earl of *Dorſet*.

CANTO

CANTO I.

Pag. Ver.

5. 2.
REAT Naſſau, the late King *WILLIAM*, of GLORIOUS and IMMORTAL MEMORY.

8. *Why* * S——— *rages to ſurvive Deſire.*

* *Scarſdale*, the late Lord of that Name.

10. *Whence Tropes to* [1] F———, *or Impudence* [2] S———.

[1] *Finch*, the late Lord *Guernſey*.

[2] *Sloan*, a late Lawyer, famous in *Weſtminſter-Hall for his Vociferation and Impudence*, in both which he does not want a Succeſſor.

8. 16. Urim *was civil*, &c.

What *fiery Divine* is here meant by *Urim*, is eaſy to gueſs; 'tis but looking over the Liſts of the *Prolocutors*, and of the Prelates that have fill'd the See of *Rocheſter*, and then conſider which of them the Character of *Urim* fits beſt.

9. 16. *NASSAU*, the late King *WILLIAM*.

CANTO II.

Pag. Ver.

16. 3.

* Heroine *ſhall* Albion's *Scepter bear.*

* Queen ANNE, whoſe Triumphs ſhall ever ſhine in *Britiſh* Annals.

16. 13. Colon ——— Mr. *Lee*, an Apothecary.

17. 1. ———

4. Horoſcope, *Dr.* Barnard.

17. ———

14. *Finds Senſe in* * Br———, *Charms in Lady* † G——e.

* The late Sir *William Brownlow.* † *Grace*, the late Lady *Grace Pierrepoint.*

19. 9. Colon —— Mr. *Lee.*

10. Horoſcope, *Dr.* Barnard.

21. 1. Squirt ——— *Dr.* Barnard's *Man.*

2. Horoſcope, *Dr.* Barnard.

CANTO III.

Pag. Ver.

25. 4. COLON —— *Mr.* Lee.

6. *And* * S—— *Works.*

* *Salmon*, a late Quack Doctor, and indefatigable Scribbler.

27. 21. *Squirt, Dr.* Barnard's *Man.*

23. Horoſcope, *Dr.* Barnard.

28. 3. *Magus, Dr.* Barnard.

29. 24. Squirt, *Dr.* Barnard's *Man.*

28. *Tyro's*, Apprentices.

30. 14. *Diaſenna*; either Mr. *Dare* an Apothecary; or, according to others, Mr. *Figge*, late Maſter of the *Apothecaries* Company.

31. 23. *For* * S——rs *has the Seal, and* † Naſſau *reigns.*

* *Somers*, the Lord *Somers*, late Lord Chancellor.

† *Naſſau*, the late King *WILLIAM.*

32. 11. *Colocynthus*, Mr. *Baron*, an *Apothecary.*

25. *Ruſſel*, Mr. a famous *Undertaker.*

34. 14. *Aſcarides*, Mr. *Bridges* and Mr. *Parrot*, two *Apothecaries.*

CANTO IV.

Pag. Ver.

39. 1.
Requented Theatre: The *Play-houſe* in *Drury-Lane*, near *Co-vent-Garden.*

5. *Bentley*, a late Bookſeller in *Great Ruſſel-Street.*

6. *Briſcoe*, another Bookſeller, late of *Covent-Garden*, and formerly Mr. *Bentley*'s Apprentice.

11. *When* * Bur—ſs *deafens all the liſt'ning Preſs.*

* Dr. *Burgeſs*, a famous *Preſbyterian* Preacher.

13. *Myſterious* † F—— n.

† Dr. *Freeman*, late Rector of *Covent-Garden.*

40. 21. } Mirmillo: Dr. *Gibbons* of *King-Street Co-*
29. } *vent-Garden.*

42. 6. Aſcaris: Mr. *Parrot*, an Apothecary.

27. Querpo: Dr. *How.*

43. 7. Carus: Dr. *Tyſon*, Phyſician of *Bedlam.*

44. 4. * M—— *Works entire, and endleſs Reams of* † B——m.

* Dr. *Henry Moor*'s Works.

† B——m, Mr. *Bloom*, the late Editor of Books by Subſcription.

——— *neg-*

Pag. Ver.

44. 5. ——— *neglected* C——s: Dr. *Collins.*

6. 8. { Carus: Dr. *Tyson.* ———

9. 13. { Umbra: Dr. *Cole.* ———

20. * C—— *a* Lycurgus, *and a* Phocian † R——.

* Sir *Henry Dutton Colt*, late Member of Parliament for *Westminster.*

† Mr. *Anthony Rowe.*

24. Horoscope: Dr. *Barnard.*

45. 1. 12. { Vagellius: Sir *Barth. Shower*, a late Lawyer, famous for Declamation.

9. * Or—d *suspected*, † D——b *innocent.*

* Adm. *Russell*, late Earl of *Orford.*

† The late Sir *Charles Duncomb.*

17. Horoscope, *Dr.* Barnard.

23. *Arms meet with Arms*, &c. Verses quoted out of Dr. *Blackmore*'s King *Arthur*, and Prince *Arthur.*

46. 22. *Read* * W———, *consider* † D——— *well.*

* Mr. *Wycherly*, a Poet famous for solid Wit and Sense.

† Mr. *Dryden*, a late Poet, who will ever be famous for good Versification.

25. If * D——'*s sprightly Muse.*

* The late Earl of *Dorset.*

Pag. Ver.

46. 29. —— *Th' immortal Brows of* * A——n.

* Mr. *Addiſon.*

47. 1. *Tuneful* C——ve: Mr. *Congreve*, a Poet, principally famous for his *Paſtorals* and *Dramatic* Writings.

6. St——: The late Mr. *Stepney.*

7. P——: Mr. *Prior*, a Poet.

9. Sequana: The *Seine*, the River that runs thro' *Paris.*

16. M——ue's, *Montague*, Lord *Halliſax.*

24. Horoſcope, *Dr.* Barnard.

49. 10. *And each bright* * Churchill *of the Galaxy.*

* A high, nice, and juſt Compliment the Author pays to the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Daughters.

51. 19. *Sir* Scrape-Quill ——— Any UPSTART in the City, or at Court.

23. Spadillio: A Footman, who has got an Eſtate: I ſuppoſe the Author means Mr. *A——r M——re.*

52. 6. *Shall for a* * H—, *a greater* † M—— *find.*

* *Heſſe*, the late Prince of *Heſſe Darmſtadt.*

† *Mordaunt*, the Earl of *Peterborough* and *Monmouth*, who took *Barcelona*, after the Death of the Prince of *Heſſe.*

CANTO

CANTO V.

Pag. Ver.

56. 15. MIRMILLO, Dr. *Gibbons.*

56. 19. *Have I made* * S—th, *and* † Sh——ck *disagree?*

* Dr. *South*, Prebendary of *Westminster*, and † Dr. *Sherlock*, late Dean of St. *Paul's*, and Master of the *Temple*, who wrote against one another about the TRINITY; and so managed the Controversy, that the Public were of Opinion, That the first proved there is but one GOD; and the other, That there are Three. The Dispute was ridiculed in a Ballad, to the Tune of *A Soldier and a Sailor*, &c. and which begins thus,

A Dean and Prebendary,
Had once a new Vagary, &c.

56. 21. *F——son*, Ferguson, the famous *Plotmonger.*

57. 3. Mirmillo, Dr. *Gibbons.*

4. Querpo, Dr. *How.*

21. *Let* * P——*speak, and* † V——g *write.*

* The Earl of *Peterborough.*

† Sir *John Vanbrugh*, a Gentleman much cried up for his Dramatic Pieces, when the *Dispensary* was first writ; but who afterwards turned his Genius to *Architecture.* See *Swift*'s Poem on *Van*'s House.

Pag. Ver.

57. 25. *Had* * C—— *printed nothing of his own,*

26. *He had not been the* † S—fold *of the Town.*

* Dr. *Colebatch.*

† *Saffold,* a celebrated Empiric, whoſe Bills were formerly ſet up in all publick *Diuretic* Places in *London* and *Weſtminſter,* to the great Comfort and Entertainment of idle Country Folks.

58. 1. *Had* * W—— *never aim'd in Verſe to pleaſe.*

* Mr. *Weſtley,* a Divine, who has wrote a great deal of *Holy Doggrel.*

2. Ogilby's: Mr. *Ogilby* would have, perhaps, got ſome Reputation, if he had aſpired no higher than *Reynard the Fox*: But having ventur'd to tranſlate in Verſe the ſublimeſt *Latin* Poets, his Name will, as long as the *Engliſh* Tongue lives, ſignify a *Poetaſter.*

8. *And to a* * B—-ley *'tis we owe a* † B—le.

* Dr. *Bentley,* Keeper of the Royal Library.

† *Charles Boyle,* the late Earl of *Orrery.*

Towards the Cloſe of the laſt Century, there aroſe a Diſpute between thoſe two Gentlemen about the Epiſtles of *Phalaris,* which was maintained with a great deal of *Urbanity* and *good Manners* on one Side, and with equal *Sufficiency* and *Pedantry* on the other Side.

Mirmillo:

Pag. Ver.

59. 9. 18. { Mirmillo : —— } Dr. *Gibbons.*

59. 21. Querpo: Dr. *How.*

23. *By* Mulciber *the Mayor of* Birmingham.

Every one knows that *Mulciber* was one of the Heathen Gods, otherwiſe called *Vulcan*; but 'tis the Opinion of many, that our Poet means here Mr. *Tho. Foley*, a Lawyer of notable Parts.

60. 13. 25. { Querpo : —— } Dr. *How.*

19. Querpoides : Dr. *How*'s Son.

26. Carus : Dr. *Tyſon.*

61. 1. Oran Outang, or Man Ape : A Deſcription and Print of which, ſee in the third Volume of the *New Collection of Voyages*, in Quarto, publiſhed by Authority.

61. 26. Querpo : Dr. *How.*

62. 20. *That* * P——ke's *Works, and* † O——d's *Valour tells.*

* The Earl of *Pembroke.*

† The Duke of *Ormond.*

21. *How Truth in* * B——, *how in* † C——ſh *reigns.*

* *Burnet :* The late Biſhop of *Sarum.*

† *Cavendiſh :* The Duke of *Devonſhire.*

If

Pag. Ver.

62. 24. *If* † W——— *plead, or* * S——— *or* ‡ O—ly *preach.*

† Sir *Francis Winnington.*

* Dr. *South.*

‡ Dr. *Only,* Miniſter of St. *Margaret*'s.

28. Stentor, Dr. *Goodall,* of the *Charter-houſe.*

63. 1. Machaon, Sir *Tho. Millington,* Preſident of the College of Phyſicians.

65. 6. Stentor, Dr. *Goodall.*

7. Carus, Dr. *Tyſon.*

8. Colon, Mr. *Lee.*

Sertorius, a Phyſician.

12. Chiron, Mr. *Gill.*

Talthibius, another Phyſician.

16. Pſylas, Dr. *Chamberlayne,* Man-Midwife.

65. 29. Hermes, a Phyſician.

66. 3. Triſmegiſts, two other Phyſicians.

19. Stentor, Dr. *Goodall.*

20. Querpo, Dr. *How.*

67. 4. Querpoides, Dr. *How*'s Son.

68. 15. The Hero, Dr. *How.*

CANTO

CANTO VI.

Pag. Ver.

71. 6. *ND borrow* * C——l's *Shape, and* † G——'s *Air.*

* *Cecil,* the late Countess of *Salisbury.*

† The Duchess of *Grafton.*

7. *Her Eyes like* * R——gh's *their Beams dispense.*

* The Countess of *Ranelagh.*

8. *With* * C——ll's *Bloom, and* † B——ley's *Innocence.*

* *Churchill,* one of the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Daughters.

† The Countess of *Berkley.*

12. Machaon, Sir *Tho. Millington.*

72. 5. 9. {Celsus / ——} Dr. *Bateman,* a Physician.

18. Strimonian *Squadron, i. e.* the Cranes.

19. *The Delegate,* 27. *Heav'nly Guide,* } Dr. *Bateman.*

75. 7. Hygeia, *the* Goddess *Health.*

8. Celsus, Dr. *Bateman.*

20. *Copious* M——, Dr. *Moreton.*

77. 5. 25. {Celsus, / ——} Dr. *Bateman.*

Guâicum

Pag. Ver.

78. 2. Guâicum, Mr. *Hobbs*, Surgeon.

11. Celſus, Dr. *Bateman.*

28. *Bleſs'd* Harvey: The late famous Dr. *Harvey*, who compleated the Diſcovery of the *Circulation of the Blood.*

79. 6. Celſus, 24. Delegate, } Dr. *Bateman.*

80. 7. Olivia, 81. 5. Rufilla, 7. Cælia, } Whoever has the leaſt Knowledge of the Town, and *Beau Monde*, will eaſily know where to fix theſe three *fictitious Names.*

29. Hygeia, *Health.*

82. 21. Willis, Dr. *Willis.*

25. Wharton, Bates, *and* Gliſſon: Three Doctors of Phyſic.

83. 1. *Your* Charge: Dr. *Bateman.*

3. *Matchleſs* Atticus: The Lord *Somers*, then Lord Chancellor.

4. Great *NASSAU:* The late KING *WILLIAM.*

84. 1. *Would* Phœbus, *or his* * G——le, *but inſpire.*

* *Granville*, the Lord *Lanſdowne.*

25. Celſus, Dr. *Bateman.*

VERSES

VERSES omitted in the late Editions of the DISPENSARY.

Canto I. Page 5. after *Impudence to* S——e, Line 10, add

WHY *Atticus* polite, *Brutus* ſevere,
Why *Moreton* muddy, *Montagu* why clear?

Ibid. Page 9. after *and thus went on.* Line 25.

Sometimes among the *Caſpian* Cliffs I creep,
Where ſolitary Bats and Swallows ſleep:
Or if ſome Cloyſter's Refuge I implore,
Where holy Drones o'er dying Tapers ſnore,
Still *Naſſau*'s Arms a ſoft Repoſe deny,
Keep me awake, and follow where I fly.

Since he has bleſs'd the weary World with Peace,
And with a Nod has bid *Bellona* ceaſe;
I ſought the Covert of ſome peaceful Cell,
Where ſilent Shades in harmleſs Raptures dwell;
That Reſt might paſt Tranquillity reſtore,
And Mortal never interrupt me more.

Canto II. Page 15. after *unrelenting Storm.* Line 18, add

Then ſhe: Alas! how long in vain have I
Aim'd at thoſe noble Ills the Fates deny:
Within this Iſle for ever muſt I find
Diſaſters to diſtract my reſtleſs mind?
Good *Tillotſon*'s Celeſtial Piety
At laſt has rais'd him to the Sacred See.
Somers does ſick'ning Equity reſtore,
And helpleſs Orphans are oppreſs'd no more.
Pembroke to *Britain* endleſs bleſſings brings;
He ſpoke; and Peace clapp'd her Triumphant Wings:
Great *Ormond* ſhines illuſtriouſly bright
With Blazes of Hereditary Right.
The noble Ardour of a Royal Fire
Inſpires the generous Breaſt of *Delamere*.
And * *Mulgrave* ever active to defend
His Country with the Zeal he loves his Friend.
Like *Leda*'s radiant Sons divinely clear,
Portland and *Jerſey* deck'd in Rays appear,
To gild by Turns the *Gallic* Hemiſphere.
Worth in Diſtreſs is rais'd by *Montague*,
Auguſtus liſtens if *Mæcenas* ſue.
And *Vernon*'s Vigilance no Slumber takes,
Whilſt Faction peeps abroad, and Anarchy awakes.

Canto III. Page 28. after *diſcern each Hour:* Line 29, add

Thou that would'ſt lay whole *States* and *Regions* waſte,
Sooner than we thy *Cormorants* ſhould faſt.

* *Duke of* Buckingham.

Canto

Canto III. Page 31. after *Spring and Fall.* Line 12, add

But now late Jars our Practices detect,
For Mines, when once discover'd, lose th' Effect.
Dissensions, like small Streams, are first begun,
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run.
So Lines that from their Parallel decline,
More they advance, the more they still disjoin.
'Tis therefore my Advice, in haste we send,
And beg the Faculty to be our Friend.
As he revolving stood to say the rest,
Rough *Colocynthus* * thus his Rage express.

Canto IV. Page 46. after *amorous Fire.* Line 27, add

The *Tyber* now no gentle *Gallus* sees,
But smiling *Thames* enjoys her † *Normanbys.*

Canto V. Page 63. after *Foes, or die.* Line 10, add

What *Stentor* ‡ offer'd was by most approv'd;
But sev'ral Voices sev'ral Methods mov'd.
At length th' advent'rous *Heroes* all agree
T' expect the Foe, and act offensively.
Into the Shop their bold *Battalions* move,
And what their Chief commands, the rest approve.
Down from the *Walls* they tear the *Shelves* in haste,
Which on their Flank for Palisades are plac'd;
And then, behind the Compter rang'd they stand,
Their Front so well secur'd, t' obey Command.

* *Mr.* Baron, *an Apothecary.*
† John Sheffield, *Duke of* Buckingham. *See p.* 10.
‡ Stentor, *Dr.* Goodall.

And now the Scouts the adverſe Hoſt deſcry,
Blue Aprons in the Air for Colours fly:
With unreſiſted Force they urge their Way,
And find the Foe embattel'd in Array.

Canto V. Page 67, after *wink at Hereſy*, Line 26, add

Faith ſtand unmov'd thro' *Stillingfleet*'s Defence,
And *Locke* for Myſtery abandon Senſe.

Theſe two Authors wrote againſt each other.

CLAREMONT.

Addreſs'd to the Right Honourable the

EARL of *CLARE*,

NOW

Duke of *Newcaſtle*.

——*Dryadum ſilvas, ſaltuſque ſequamur*
Intactos, tua, Mæcenas, haud mollia juſſa. Virg.

THE

PREFACE.

THEY that have seen those two excellent Poems of Cooper's *Hill and* Windsor-Forest; *the one by Sir* J. Denham, *the other by Mr.* Pope; *will soon a great deal of Candour if they approve of this. It was writ upon giving the Name of* Claremont *to a* Villa, *now belonging to the Earl of* Clare. *The Situation is so agreeable and surprising, that it inclines one to think, some Place of this Nature put* Ovid *at first upon the Story of* Narcissus *and* Echo, *'Tis probable he had observ'd some Spring arising amongst Woods and Rocks, where Echos were heard; and some Flower bending over the Stream, and by Consequence reflected from it. After reading the Story in the Third Book of the* Metamorphosis, *'tis obvious to object (as an ingenious Friend has already done) that the renewing the Charms of a Nymph, of which* Ovid *had dispossess'd her,*

——vox tantum atque ossa supersunt,

is too great a Violation of Poetical Authority. I dare say the Gentleman who is meant, wou'd have been well pleas'd to have found no Faults. There are not many Authors one can say the same of: Experience shows us every Day, that there are Writers, who cannot bear a Brother shou'd succeed, and the only Refuge from their Indignation is by being inconsiderable; upon which Reflection, this Thing ought to have a Pretence to their Favour.

They who wou'd be more inform'd of what relates to the Antient Britons, *and the* Druids *their Priests, may be directed by the Quotations to the Authors that have mention'd them.*

CLARE-

CLAREMONT.

WHAT Frenzy has of late poſſeſs'd the Brain? [refrain.
Tho' Few can write, yet Fewer can
So rank our Soil, our Bards riſe in ſuch Store,
Their rich Retaining Patrons ſcarce are more.
The Laſt indulge the Fault, the Firſt commit;
And take off ſtill the Offal of their Wit.
So ſhameleſs, ſo abandon'd are their Ways;
They poche *Parnaſſus*, and lay Snares for Praiſe.

None ever can without Admirers live,
Who have a Penſion or a Place to give.
Great Miniſters ne'er fail of great Deſerts;
The Herald gives Them Blood; the Poet, Parts.
Senſe is of Courſe annex'd to Wealth and Pow'r;
No Muſe is Proof againſt a golden Show'r.
Let but his Lordſhip write ſome poor Lampoon,
He's *Horac'd* up in Doggrel like his own.
Or if to rant in Tragick Rage he yields,
Falſe Fame cries—*Athens*; honeſt Truth—*Moorfields*.
Thus fool'd, he flounces on thro' Floods of Ink;
Flags with full Sail; and riſes but to ſink.

Some venal Pens ſo proſtitute the Bays,
Their Panegyricks laſh; their Satyrs praiſe.

So nauſeouſly, and ſo unlike they paint,
N——'s an *Adonis*; *M*——*r* a Saint.
Metius with thoſe fam'd Heroes is compar'd,
That led in Triumph *Porus* and *Tallard*.
But ſuch a ſhameleſs Muſe muſt Laughter move,
That aims to make *Salmoneus* vye with *Jove*.

To form great Works puts Fate it ſelf to Pain,
Ev'n Nature labours for a mighty Man.
And to perpetuate her Hero's Fame,
She ſtrains no leſs a Poet next to frame.
Rare as the Hero's, is the Poet's Rage;
Churchills and *Drydens* riſe but once an Age.
With Earthquakes tow'ring *Pindar*'s Birth begun;
And an Eclipſe produc'd * *Alcmena*'s Son:
The Sire of Gods o'er *Phœbus* caſt a Shade;
But, with a Hero, well the World repaid.

No Bard for Bribes ſhou'd proſtitute his Vein;
Nor dare to Flatter where he ſhou'd Arraign.
To grant big *Thraſo* Valour, *Phormio*, Senſe,
Shou'd Indignation give, at leaſt Offence.

I hate ſuch Mercenaries, and wou'd try
From this Reproach to reſcue Poetry.
Apollo's Sons ſhou'd ſcorn the ſervile Art,
And to Court-Preachers leave the fulſome Part.

What then—You'll ſay, Muſt no true Sterling paſs,
Becauſe impure Allays ſome Coin debaſe?
Yes, Praiſe, if juſtly offer'd, I'll allow;
And, when I meet with Merit, ſcribble too.

The Man who's honeſt, open, and a Friend,
Glad to oblige, uneaſy to offend;

* Hercules.

For-

Forgiving others, to himſelf ſevere;
Tho' earneſt, eaſy; civil, yet ſincere;
Who ſeldom but through great Good-nature errs,
Deteſting Fraud as much as Flatterers:
'Tis he my Muſe's Homage ſhou'd receive;
If I cou'd write, or *Holles* cou'd forgive.
But pardon, learned Youth, that I decline
A Name ſo lov'd by me, ſo lately Thine.
When *Pelham* you reſign'd, what cou'd repair
A Loſs ſo great, unleſs *Newcaſtle*'s Heir?
Hydaſpes, that the *Aſian* Plains divides,
From his bright Urn in pureſt Cryſtal glides.
But when new gath'ring Streams enlarge his Courſe;
He's *Indus* nam'd, and rolls with mightier Force:
In fabl'd Floods of Gold his Current flows,
And Wealth on Nations, as he runs, beſtows.
Direct me, *Clare*, to name ſome nobler Muſe,
That for her Theme thy late *Receſs* may chuſe.
Such bright Deſcriptions ſhall the Subject dreſs;
Such vary'd Scenes, ſuch pleaſing Images;
That Swains ſhall leave their Lawns, and Nymphs their Bow'rs,
And quit *Arcadia* for a Seat like yours.
But ſay, who ſhall attempt th' advent'rous Part,
Where Nature borrows Dreſs from *Vanbrook*'s Art.
If, by *Apollo* taught, he touch the Lyre,
Stones mount in Columns, Palaces aſpire,
And Rocks are animated with his Fire.
'Tis he can paint in Verſe thoſe riſing Hills,
Their gentle Vallies, and their ſilver Rills:
Cloſe Groves, and op'ning Glades with Verdure ſpread,
Flow'rs ſighing Sweets, and Shrubs that Balſam bleed;
With gay Variety the Proſpect crown'd,
And all the bright *Horizon* ſmiling round.

Whilſt

Whilſt I attempt to tell how ancient Fame
Records from whence the *Villa* took its Name.
In Times of old, when *Britiſh* Nymphs were known
To love no foreign Faſhions like their own;
When Dreſs was monſtrous, and Fig-Leaves the Mode,
And Quality put on no Paint but * Woade.
Of *Spaniſh* Red unheard was then the Name;
For Cheeks were only taught to bluſh by Shame.
No Beauty, to increaſe her Crowd of Slaves,
Roſe out of Waſh, as *Venus* out of Waves.
Not yet Lead Comb was on the Toilett plac'd;
Not yet broad Eye-brows were reduc'd by Paſte:
No Shape-ſmith ſet up Shop, and drove a Trade
To mend the Work wiſe Providence had made.
Tyres were unheard of, and unknown the Loom,
And thrifty Silkworms ſpun for Times to come.
Bare Limbs were then the Marks of Modeſty;
All like *Diana* were below the Knee.

The Men appear'd a rough undaunted Race,
Surly in Show, unfaſhion'd in Addreſs.
† Upright in Actions, and in Thought ſincere;
And ſtrictly were the ſame they would appear.
Honour was plac'd in Probity alone;
For Villains had no Titles but their own.
None travell'd to return politely mad;
But ſtill what Fancy wanted, Reaſon had.
Whatever Nature aſk'd, their Hands cou'd give;
Unlearn'd in Feaſts, they only eat to live.
No Cook with Art increas'd Phyſicians Fees;
Nor ſerv'd up Death in Soups and Friccacees.

* Glaſtum. See *Pliny*. Ἰσάτις. See *Dioſcorides*. † *Mores eis ſimplices, à verſutiâ & improbitate noſtræ tempeſtatis hominum longe remoti.* See Diod. Sic. Bib. Hiſt. L. IV. Verſ. Lat.

Their

Their Taſte was, like their Temper, unrefin'd;
For Looks were then the Language of the Mind.
E'er Right and Wrong, by Turns, ſet Prices bore;
And Conſcience had its Rate like common Whore:
Or Tools to great Employments had Pretence;
Or Merit was made out by Impudence;
Or Coxcombs look'd aſſuming in Affairs;
And humble Friends grew haughty Miniſters.
In thoſe good Days of Innocence, here ſtood
Of Oaks, with Heads unſhorn, a ſolemn Wood,
Frequented by the * *Druids*, to beſtow
Religious Honours on the † Miſſelto.
The Naturaliſts are puzzel'd to explain
How Trees did firſt this Stranger entertain:
Whether the buſy Birds engraft it there;
Or elſe ſome Deity's myſterious Care,
As *Druids* thought; for when the blaſted Oak
By Lightning falls, this Plant eſcapes the Stroak.
So when the *Gauls* the Tow'rs of *Rome* defac'd,
And Flames drove forward with outragious Waſte;
Jove's favour'd Capitol uninjur'd ſtood:
So Sacred was the Manſion of a God.
Shades honour'd by this Plant the *Druids* choſe,
Here, for the bleeding Victims, Altars roſe.
To ‡ *Hermes* oft they paid their Sacrifice;
Parent of Arts, and Patron of the Wiſe.
Good Rules in mild Perſuaſions they convey'd;
Their Lives confirming what their Lectures ſaid.

* *Jam per ſe roborum eligunt lucos.* Plin. L. XVI. † *Et nihil habent Druidæ viſco, & arbore in qua gignatur, ſi modò ſit robur, ſacratius.* Plin. ibid. *Et Viſcum Druida.* Ovid. ‡ *Deum maximè Mercurium colunt: Hunc omnium inventorem artium ferunt: Poſt hunc, Jovem, Apollinem, &c.* Cæſ.

None

None violated Truth, invaded Right;
Yet had few Laws, but Will and Appetite.
The People's Peace they ſtudy'd, and profeſt
No † Politicks but Publick Intereſt.
Hard was their Lodging, homely was their Food;
For all their Luxury was doing Good.
No Miter'd *Prieſt* did then with *Princes* vie,
Nor, o'er his Maſter, claim Supremacy;
Nor were the Rules of Faith allow'd more pure,
For being ſev'ral Centuries obſcure.
None loſt their Fortunes, forfeited their Blood,
For not believing what None underſtood.
Nor Simony, nor *Sine-Cure* were known;
Nor wou'd the Bee work Honey for the Drone.
Nor was the Way invented, to diſmiſs
Frail *Abig ls* with fat *Pluralities*.
But then in Fillets bound, a hallow'd *Band*
Taught how to tend the Flocks, and till the Land:
Cou'd tell what Murrains in what Months begun,
And how the † Seaſons travell'd with the Sun:
When his dim Orb ſeem'd wading through the Air,
They told that Rain on dropping Wings drew near;
And that the Winds their bellowing Throats wou'd try,
When redd'ning Clouds reflect his Blood-ſhot Eye.
All their Remarks on Nature's Laws, require
More Lines than wou'd ev'n *Alpin*'s Readers tire.
This Sect in ſacred Veneration held
Opinions, by the *Samian Sage* reveal'd;
That Matter no Annihilation knows,
But wanders from theſe Tenements to thoſe.

* *De republicâ, niſi per concilium, lequi non conceditur.* Cæſ. Lib. VI. † *Multa præterea de ſideribus, & eorum motu, de rerum naturâ, &c.* Cæſ.

For

For when the *Plaſtick* Particles are gone,
They rally in ſome Species like their own.
The ſelf-ſame Atoms, if new jumbl'd, will
In Seas be reſtleſs, and in Earth be ſtill;
Can, in the Truſle, furniſh out a Feaſt;
And nauſeate, in the ſcaly Squill, the Taſte.
Thoſe falling Leaves that wither with the Year,
Will, in the next, on other Stems appear.
The Sap that now forſakes the burſting Bud,
In ſome new Shoot will circulate green Blood.
The Breath to Day that from the Jaſmin blows,
Will, when the Seaſon offers, ſcent the Roſe;
And thoſe bright Flames that in Carnations glow,
E'er long will blanch the Lily with a Snow.

They hold that Matter muſt be ſtill the ſame;
And varies but in Figure and in Name.
And that the * Soul not dies, but ſhifts her Seat;
New Rounds of Life to run; or paſt, repeat.
Thus when the Brave and Virtuous ceaſe to live;
In Beings brave and virtuous they † revive.
Again ſhall *Romulus* in *Naſſau* reign;
Great *Numa*, in a *Brunſwick* Prince, ordain [again.
Good Laws; and *Halcyon* Years ſhall huſh the World

The Truths of old Traditions were their Theme;
Or Gods deſcending in a Morning Dream.
Paſs'd Acts they cited; and to come, foretold;
And cou'd Events, not ripe for Fate, unfold.
Beneath the ſhady Covert of an Oak,
In ‡ Rhymes uncooth, prophetick Truths they ſpoke.

* *Imprimis hoc volunt perſuadere, non interire animas, ſed ab aliis poſt mortem tranſire ad alios.* Cæſ. † *Et vos Barbaricos ritus——Sacrorum Druidæ——redituræ parcere vitæ.——regit idem ſpiritus artus.* Lucan. Lib. I. ‡ *Et magnum numerum verſuum ediſcere dicuntur.* Cæſ.

Attend

Attend then *Clare*; nor is the Legend long;
The Story of thy *Villa* is their * Song.
The fair *Montano*, of the *Sylvan* Race,
Was with each Beauty bleſs'd, and ev'ry Grace.
His Sire, green *Faunus*, Guardian of the Wood;
His Mother, a ſwift *Naiad* of the Flood.
Her Silver Urn ſupply'd the neighb'ring Streams,
A darling Daughter of the bounteous *Thames*.
Not lovelier ſeem'd *Narciſſus* to the Eye,
Nor, when a Flower, cou'd boaſt more Fragrancy.
His Skin might with the Down of Swans compare,
More ſmooth than Pearl; than Mountain Snow more fair.
In Shape ſo Poplars or the Cedars pleaſe;
But thoſe are not ſo ſtreight; nor graceful theſe.
His flowing Hair in unforc'd Ringlets hung;
Tuneful his Voice, perſuaſive was his Tongue.
The haughtieſt Fair ſcarce heard without a Wound,
But ſunk to Softneſs at the melting Sound.
The fourth bright *Luſtre* had but juſt begun
To ſhade his bluſhing Cheeks with doubtful Down.
All Day he rang'd the Woods, and ſpread the Toils,
And knew no Pleaſures but in *Sylvan* Spoils.
In vain the Nymphs put on each pleaſing Grace;
Too cheap the Quarry ſeem'd, too ſhort the Chace.
For tho' Poſſeſſion be th' undoubted View;
To ſeize, is far leſs Pleaſure than purſue.
Thoſe Nymphs that yield too ſoon, their Charms impair,
And prove at laſt but deſpicably Fair.
His own Undoing Glutton *Love* decrees;
And palls the Appetite, he meant to pleaſe.
His ſlender Wants too largely he ſupplies:
Thrives on ſhort Meals, but by Indulgence dies.

* *Superſtitione vana Druidæ canebant, &c.* Tacit. L. IV.

A Grott there was with hoary Moſs o'ergrown,
Rough with rude Shells, and arch'd with mouldring Stone;
Sad Silence reigns within the loneſome Wall;
And weeping Rills but whiſper as they fall.
The claſping Ivys up the Ruin creep;
And there the Bat, and drowſy Beetle ſleep.

This Cell ſad *Echo* choſe, by Love betray'd,
A fit Retirement for a mourning Maid.
Hither, fatigu'd with Toil, the *Sylvan* flies
To ſhun the Calenture of ſultry Skies:
But feels a fiercer Flame, Love's keeneſt Dart
Finds through his Eyes a Paſſage to his Heart.
Penſive the *Virgin* ſat with folded Arms,
Her Tears but lending Luſtre to her Charms.
With Pity he beholds her wounding Woes;
But wants himſelf the Pity he beſtows.

Oh whether of a Mortal born! he cries!
Or ſome fair Daughter of the diſtant Skies;
That, in Compaſſion leave your Cryſtal Sphere,
To guard ſome favour'd Charge, and wander here,
Slight not my Suit, nor too ungentle prove;
But pity One, a Novice yet in Love.
If Words avail not; ſee my ſuppliant Tears;
Nor diſregard thoſe dumb Petitioners.

From his Complaint the Tyrant Virgin flies,
Aſſerting all the Empire of her Eyes.

Full thrice three Days he lingers out in Grief,
Nor ſeeks from Sleep, or Suſtenance, Relief.
The Lamp of Life now caſts a glimm'ring Light;
The meeting Lids his ſetting Eyes benight.
What Force remains, the hapleſs Lover tries;
Invoking thus his kindred Deities.

Haſte, Parents of the Flood, your Race to mourn;
With Tears repleniſh each exhauſted Urn.

Retake the Life you gave, but let the Maid
Fall a juſt Victim to an injur'd Shade.
More he endeavour'd; but the Accents hung
Half form'd, and ſtopp'd unfiniſh'd on his Tongue.
For him the *Graces* their ſad Vigils keep;
Love broke his Bow, and wiſh'd for Eyes to weep.
What Gods can do, the mournful *Faunus* tries;
A Mount erecting where the *Sylvan* lies.
The Rural Pow'rs the wond'rous Pile ſurvey,
And piouſly their diff'rent Honours pay.
Th' Aſcent, with verdant Herbage *Pales* ſpread;
And Nymphs transform'd to Laurels, lent their Shade.
Her Stream a *Naiad* from the Baſis pours;
And *Flora* ſtrows the Summit with her Flowers.
Alone Mount *Latmos* claims Pre-eminence,
When Silver *Cynthia* lights the World from thence.
Sad *Echo* now laments her Rigour, more
Than for *Narciſſus* her looſe Flame before.
Her Fleſh to Sinew ſhrinks, her Charms are fled;
All Day in rifted Rocks ſhe hides her Head.
Soon as the Ev'ning ſhows a Sky ſerene,
Abroad ſhe ſtrays, but never to be ſeen.
And ever as the weeping *Naiads* name
Her Cruelty, the Nymph repeats the ſame.
With them ſhe joins, her Lover to deplore,
And haunts the lonely Dales, he rang'd before.
Her Sex's Privilege ſhe yet retains;
And tho' to Nothing waſted, *Voice* remains.
So ſung the *Druids*—— then with Rapture fir'd,
Thus utter what the * *Delphick* God inſpir'd.
E'er twice ten Centuries ſhall fleet away,
A *Brunſwick* Prince ſhall *Britain*'s Scepter ſway.

* *Et partim auguriis, partim conjecturâ, quæ eſſent futura, &c.* Cic. de Divinatione.

No

No more fair *Liberty* ſhall mourn her Chains;
The *Maid* is reſcu'd, her lov'd *Perſeus* reigns.
From * *Jove* he comes, the Captive to reſtore;
Nor can the Thunder of his *Sire* do more.
Religion ſhall dread nothing but Diſguiſe;
And Juſtice need no Bandage for her Eyes.
Britannia ſmiles, nor fears a foreign Lord;
Her Safety to ſecure, two Powers accord,
Her *Neptune*'s Trident, and her *Monarch*'s Sword.
Like him, ſhall his *Auguſtus* ſhine in Arms,
Tho' Captive to his *Carolina*'s Charms.
Ages with future Heroes She ſhall bleſs;
And *Venus* once more found an *Alban* Race.
Then ſhall a *Clare* in Honour's Cauſe engage:
Example muſt reclaim a graceleſs Age.
Where Guides themſelves for guilty Views mislead;
And Laws ev'n by the Legiſlators bleed,
His brave Contempt of State ſhall teach the Proud,
None but the Virtuous are of noble Blood.
For *Tyrants* are but *Princes* in Diſguiſe,
Tho' ſprung by long Deſcents from *Ptolemies*.
Right he ſhall vindicate, good Laws defend;
The firmeſt Patriot, and the warmeſt Friend.
Great *Edward*'s † Order early he ſhall wear;
New Light reſtoring to the ſully'd *Star*.
Oft will his Leiſure this *Retirement* chuſe,
Still finding future Subjects for the Muſe:
And to record the *Sylvan*'s fatal Flame, [Name.
The *Place* ſhall live in Song; and *Claremont* be the

* *Son of* Jupiter *and* Danae. † *Theologi & Vates erant apud eos, Druidas ipſi vocant, qui à victimarum extis de futuris divinant.* Diod. Sic. Lat. Ver.

The Dedication of OVID's *Art of Love, to the Right Honourable* RICHARD, *Earl of* BURLINGTON.

My LORD,

OUR Poet's Rules, in eaſy Numbers, tell
He felt the Paſſion, he deſcribes ſo well.
In that ſoft Art ſucceſsfully refin'd,
Tho' angry *Cæſar* frown'd, the Fair were kind.
More Ills from Love, than Tyrant's Malice flow;
Jove's Thunder ſtrikes leſs ſure than *Cupid*'s Bow.
Ovid both felt the Pain, and found the Eaſe:
Phyſicians ſtudy moſt their own Diſeaſe.
The Practice of that Age in this we try,
Ladies wou'd liſten then, and Lovers lie.
Who flatter'd moſt the Fair were moſt polite,
Each thought her own Admirer in the Right:
To be but faintly rude was criminal,
But to be boldly ſo, aton'd for all.
Breeding was baniſh'd for the Fair One's Sake,
The Sex ne'er gives, but ſuffers ours ſhou'd take.
Advice to you, my Lord, in vain we bring,
The Flow'rs ne'er fail to meet the blooming Spring.
Tho' you poſſeſs all Nature's Gifts, take Care;
Love's Queen has Charms, but fatal is her Snare.
On all that Goddeſs her falſe Smiles beſtows,
As on the Seas ſhe reigns, from whence ſhe roſe.
Young *Zephyrs* ſigh with fragrant Breath, ſoft Gales
Guide her gay Barge, and ſwell the ſilken Sails:
Each ſilver Wave in beauteous Order moves,
Fair as her Boſom, gentle as her Doves;

But

But he that once embarks, too ſurely finds
A ſullen Sky, black Storms, and angry Winds,
Cares, Fears, and Anguiſh, hov'ring on the Coaſt,
And Wrecks of Wretches by their Folly loſt.
When coming Time ſhall bleſs you with a Bride,
Let Paſſion not perſuade, but Reaſon guide:
Inſtead of Gold, let gentle Truth endear;
She has moſt Charms that is the moſt ſincere.
Shun vain Variety, 'tis but Diſeaſe;
Weak Appetites are ever hard to pleaſe.
The Nymph muſt fear to be inquiſitive;
'Tis for the Sex's Quiet to believe.
Her Air an eaſy Confidence muſt ſhow,
And ſhun to find what ſhe wou'd dread to know;
Still charming with all Arts that can engage,
And be the *Juliana* of the Age.

VERSES *written for the* TOASTING GLASSES *of the* KIT-KAT CLUB.

By Dr. GARTH.

Lady CARLISLE.

CARLISLE's a Name can ev'ry Muſe inſpire,
To *Carliſle* fill the Glaſs and tune the Lyre:
With his lov'd Bays the God of Day ſhall crown
A Wit and Luſtre equal to his own.

Lady CARLISLE.

AT once the Sun and *Carliſle* took their Way,
To warm the Frozen North, and kindle Day;
The Flowers to both their glad Creation ow'd,
Their Virtues *He*, their Beauties *She* beſtow'd,

Lady ESSEX.

THE braveſt Hero, and the brighteſt Dame
From *Belgia*'s happy Clime *Britannia* drew;
One pregnant Cloud we find does often frame
The awful Thunder and the gentle Dew.

Lady ESSEX.

TO *Eſſex* fill the ſprightly Wine,
The Health's engaging and divine:
Let pureſt Odours ſcent the Air,
And Wreaths of Roſes bind our Hair.
In her chaſte Lips theſe bluſhing lie,
And thoſe her gentle Sighs ſupply.

Lady HYDE.

THE God of Wine grows jealous of his Art,
He only fires the Head, but *Hyde* the Heart.
The Queen of Love looks on, and ſmiles to ſee
A Nymph more mighty than a Deity.

On the Lady HYDE *in Child-bed.*

HYDE, tho' in Agonies, her Graces keeps,
A thouſand Charms the Nymph's Complaints a[dorn]
In Tears of Dew ſo mild *Aurora* weeps,
But her bright Offspring is the chearful Morn.

Lady WHARTON.

WHEN *Jove* to *Ida* did the Gods invite,
And in immortal Toaſting paſs'd the Night;
With more than *Nectar* he the Banquet bleſs'd,
For *Wharton* was the *Venus* of the Feaſt.

A

PROLOGUE

To the TRAGEDY of

TAMERLANE,

Spoken on the

IRISH THEATRE

BY

Mr. *MOORE*;

Written by Dr. *GARTH*.

TO Day a Mighty Monarch comes to warm
Your curdling Blood, and bids You, *Britons*, arm. [more,
To Valour much he owes, to Virtue
He fights to save, and conquers to restore:
He strains no Text, nor makes Dragoons persuade,
He likes Religion, but he hates the Trade;
Born for Mankind, they by his Labours live;
Their Property is his Prerogative:

His

His Sword deſtroys leſs than his Mercy ſaves,
And none, except his Paſſions, are his Slaves.
Such, *Britons!* is the *Prince* that you poſſeſs,
In Council greateſt, and in Camp no leſs;
Brave, but not cruel, Wiſe without Deceit,
Born for an Age, curs'd with a *Bajazet*:
But you diſdaining to be too ſecure,
Aſk his Protection, and yet grudge his Power.
With you a Monarch's Right is in Diſpute,
Who give Supplies are only Abſolute:
Britons! For ſhame your factious Feuds decline,
Too long you've labour'd for a *Bourbon* Line:
Aſſert loſt Rights, an *Auſtrian* Prince alone
Is born to nod upon the *Spaniſh* Throne;
A Cauſe no leſs cou'd on great EUGENE call;
Steep *Alpine* Rocks require an *Hannibal*:
He ſhews you your loſt Honour to retrieve,
Our Troops will fight when once the *Senate* give.
Quit your Cabals and Factions, and, in ſpite
Of WHIG and TORY, in this Cauſe unite;
One Vote will then ſend *Anjou* back to *France*,
There let the Meteor end his airy Dance;
Elſe to the *Mantuan* Soil he may repair,
(E'en abdicated Gods were *Latium*'s Care,)
At worſt he'll find ſome *Corniſh* Borough here.

To

To the Lady LOUISA LENOS, *with* Ovid's *Epiſtles.*

By Dr. GARTH.

IN moving Lines theſe few Epiſtles tell
What Fate attends the Nymph who likes too well:
How faintly the ſucceſsful Lovers burn;
And their neglected Charms how Ladies mourn.
The Fair you'll find, when ſoft Intreaties fail,
Aſſert their unconteſted Right, and rail.
Too ſoon they liſten, and reſent too late;
'Tis ſure they love, whene'er they ſtrive to hate.
Their Sex or proudly ſhuns, or poorly craves;
Commencing Tyrants, and concluding Slaves.

In diff'ring Breaſts what diff'ring Paſſions glow!
Ours kindle quick, but yours extinguiſh ſlow.
The Fire we boaſt, with Force uncertain burns,
And breaks but out as Appetite returns:
But yours, like Incenſe, mounts by ſoft Degrees,
And in a fragrant Flame conſumes to pleaſe.

Your Sex, in all that can engage, excel;
And ours in Patience, and perſuading well.
Impartial Nature equally decrees:
You have your Pride, and we our Perjuries.
Tho' form'd to conquer, yet too oft you fall
By giving Nothing, or by granting All.

But,

But, Madam, long will your unpractis'd Years
Smile at the Tale of Lovers Hopes and Fears.
Tho' Infant Graces ſooth your gentle Hours,
More ſoft than Sighs, more ſweet than breathing Flowers,
Let raſh Admirers your keen Light'ning fear;
'Tis bright at Diſtance, but deſtroys if near.

The Time e'er long, if Verſe preſage, will come,
Your Charms ſhall open in full * *Brudenal* Bloom.
All Eyes ſhall gaze, all Hearts ſhall Homage vow,
And not a Lover languiſh, but for you.
The Muſe ſhall ſtring her Lyre, with Garlands crown'd,
And each bright Nymph ſhall ſicken at the Sound.

So when *Aurora* firſt ſalutes the Sight,
Pleas'd we behold the tender Dawn of Light;
But when with riper Red ſhe warms the Skies,
In circling Throngs the wing'd Muſicians riſe,
And the gay Groves rejoice in Symphonies:
Each pearly Flow'r with painted Beauty ſhines;
And ev'ry Star its fading Fire reſigns.

* *This Lady was Daughter of* Charles Lenos *Duke of* Richmond, *and* Anne *eldeſt Daughter of* Francis *Lord* Brudenal, *Son of* Robert *Earl of* Cardigan, *and Mother of the preſent Duke of* Richmond, *and Counteſs of* Albemarle.

PRO-

PROLOGUE *to the* MUSIC-MEETING *in* YORK-BUILDINGS.

By Dr. GARTH.

WHERE Muſic and more pow'rful Beauties reign,
Who can ſupport the Pleaſure and the Pain?
Here their ſoft Magic thoſe two Syrens try,
And if we liſten, or but look, we die.
Why ſhould we then the wond'rous Tales admire,
Of *Orpheus*' Numbers, or *Amphion*'s Lyre?
Behold this Scene of Beauty, and confeſs
The Wonder greater, and the Fiction leſs.
Like human Victims, here we are decreed
To worſhip thoſe bright Altars where we bleed.
Who braves his Fate in Fields, muſt tremble here;
Triumphant Love more Vaſſals makes than Fear.
No Faction Homage to the Fair denies,
The Right Divine's apparent in their Eyes.
The Empire's fix'd, that's founded in Deſire;
Thoſe Fires the Veſtals guard can ne'er expire.

EPILOGUE *to the Tragedy of* CATO.

By Dr. GARTH.

Spoken by Mrs. PORTER.

WHAT odd fantaſtick Things we Women do!
Who wou'd not liſten when young Lovers woo?
But die a Maid, yet have the Choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their Coſt;
To give you Pain, themſelves they puniſh moſt.
Vows of Virginity ſhou'd well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in Convents made.

Wou'd

Wou'd you revenge ſuch raſh Reſolves——you may:
Be ſpiteful——and believe the Thing we ſay,
We hate you when you're eaſily ſaid nay;
How needleſs, if you knew us, were your Fears?
Let Love have Eyes, and Beauty will have Ears.
Our Hearts are form'd as you yourſelves would chuſe,
Too proud to aſk, too humble to refuſe:
We give to Merit, and to Wealth we ſell;
He ſighs with moſt Succeſs that ſettles well.
The Woes of Wedlock with the Joys we mix;
'Tis beſt repenting in a Coach and Six.

Blame not our Conduct, ſince we but purſue
Thoſe lively Leſſons we have learn'd from you:
Your Breaſts no more the Fire of Beauty warms,
But wicked Wealth uſurps the Power of Charms;
What Pains to get the gaudy Thing you hate,
To ſwell in Show, and be a Wretch in State!
At Plays you ogle, at the Ring you bow;
Even Churches are no Sanctuaries now;
There golden Idols all your Vows receive;
She is no Goddeſs that has nought to give.

Oh! may once more the happy Age appear,
When Words were artleſs, and the Thoughts ſincere;
When Gold and Grandeur were unenvy'd Things,
And Courts leſs coveted than Groves and Springs.
Love then ſhall only mourn when Truth complains,
And Conſtancy feel tranſport in its Chains;
Sighs with Succeſs their own ſoft Anguiſh tell,
And Eyes ſhall utter what the Lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright Station climb,
And Beauty fear no Enemy but Time:
The Fair ſhall liſten to Deſert alone,
And every *Lucia* find a *Cato*'s Son.

F I N I S.